

Tyrant 45

Chapter 45: Aftershocks

The morning light barely touched the edge of the horizon, casting a pale hue over the tall, mist-covered peaks surrounding the Morgain estate. Inside one of the many cold stone chambers, Trafalgar opened his eyes.

His room was silent.

'Ugh... weird not having Mayla here.'

He sat up slowly, rubbing his face. The cold air clung to his skin, but the absence of his maid's familiar presence was what bothered him the most.

'I just hope she stays safe while I'm gone. I'll have to trust Caelum for now... Roland gives me bad vibes. He'll probably betray me the moment he gets a chance. But Caelum should be watching everything. I don't know how, but being a [Rogue], he's probably more than capable.'

Trafalgar stretched, bones cracking softly in the stillness. He slipped out of bed, entirely naked—by preference.

It wasn't something he brought over from Earth consciously, but he'd learned something: mana gathered around his body more easily that way, this started after getting the Primordial Body. As he slept, it clung to him, waiting to be absorbed, and when he meditated, it surged through the room.

As he stepped into the bathroom, nature called. Sitting down on the king's seat, he sighed.

'Now that I think about it... this is how it all started. One moment I'm shitting in a university bathroom with some random dude shitting next door... and the next I'm a noble in one of the strongest families of this world.'

He finished his business and stepped into the shower. The cold water hit his skin like needles—but he welcomed it.

Cold showers helped his muscles recover after training.

As the water ran down his body, he closed his eyes, reflecting.

'That vial... maybe I should visit the place where the old Trafalgar stole it. I think I'll need it soon... though not for myself this time.'

Drying off, he stood before the mirror. His black hair hung wet and loose over his face, but his deep blue eyes looked back with quiet sharpness.

He tied his hair into his usual ponytail and dressed: loose white shirt, black pants, leather boots.

'You're not bad looking, bastard. Not bad at all... after almost three months of daily training my body is changing too. Alright, let's go find some breakfast.'

He stepped out into the castle hallway. The air was crisp, the kind of mountain cold that clung to the bones. The sun had yet to rise, casting long shadows through the golden-lined corridors. Only a few guards rotated at this hour, and the occasional maid dusting furniture or polishing ornate decorations.

Everyone he passed greeted him with a nod or a bow. The respect was obvious. Not long ago, no one would've even looked at him—now they avoided his gaze out of fear or deference. After yesterday's brutal duel against Roland, word had spread.

He made his way toward the soldiers mess hall.

Today, he would eat with the troops.

The warmth of the mess hall was a welcome contrast to the chill of the corridors. Soldiers were scattered across wooden benches, eating breakfast—hearty plates of eggs, bread, and stew. A few

glanced up when Trafalgar entered, their conversations quieting. Eyes lingered on him, but no one dared speak.

He took a seat near the far side of the room, a separate table reserved out of silent understanding.

As he was halfway through his meal, a figure approached—broad-shouldered, with short blond hair graying at the sides and sharp brown eyes. He carried himself with a relaxed confidence earned through years of battle.

"May I sit, young master?" the man asked.

Trafalgar nodded. "Go ahead."

The man sat with a respectful ease. "That was something yesterday. I didn't expect such improvement from you, young master."

Trafalgar sliced a piece of bread. "Anyone would improve quickly if trained by someone like Lysandra every day."

"Maybe," the man chuckled. "But don't sell yourself short. What you pulled off yesterday... most would've thought impossible."

Trafalgar narrowed his eyes slightly. "Any particular reason you're being this kind to me, Captain?"

The man raised a brow, amused. "Suspicious already? Fair enough. No hidden motives. I was hired by your family not long ago—your father saw potential in me during a mission about a year back."

He paused, eyes distant for a moment. "I still remember it. The battlefield was chaos—monsters everywhere. And then he arrived... Lord Valtair, riding that monstrous wyvern of his. One swing of his sword, and the entire wave was sliced clean in two. A sight I'll never forget."

Trafalgar nodded slowly. "Good thing he found you. You seem like a man with his head on straight... though I'd advise you to keep an eye on your squad."

"You're referring to Roland?" the captain asked with a sigh. "I apologize for his actions. I wasn't aware of his attitude before, but... he's seemed more docile since your 'first warning.'"

"He'd better stay that way," Trafalgar said coldly. "I won't tolerate disrespect again—toward me or those loyal to me. And you? What's your name, Captain?"

"Arthur. Just call me Arthur, young master. I'm captain of the Tenth Squad."

Trafalgar searched his inherited memories. "Tenth, huh? The weakest of the squads."

Arthur chuckled. "Correct. But I built it myself when I was assigned here. Still... you can expect great things from my boys."

"We'll see," Trafalgar said as he finished the last bite of his meal. "I'm heading back to training."

Arthur watched him stand and leave. A contemplative look crossed the veteran's face.

'Fifteen years old... and already this strong for the short time it's been with an awakened core. Calm, composed, ruthless when needed. The others weren't exaggerating... he lived through hell in this house. And now he's climbing out of it—one corpse at a time.'

- Valttair POV -

The morning sun bathed the room in a cold, golden hue. Massive windows spanned the rear wall of the chamber, revealing the snowy expanse of the Morgain stronghold. Lord Valttair stood with his back to the room, arms crossed, silent as always.

Caelum stood behind him, composed, hands behind his back like a true shadow.

Valttair finally spoke, voice deep and unreadable. "Well?"

Caelum didn't hesitate. "Trafalgar is... an anomaly. He's unraveled more in the past two months than others do in years. His growth is exponential. And he's earned my respect."

Valttair turned slightly, one crimson eye visible. "Still too early to decide on a new heir."

"Agreed," Caelum said. "But if that time comes... he is a strong contender."

Valttair gave a low hum of approval. But Caelum continued.

"There is something else. A detail you won't like."

Valttair's tone sharpened. "Let me guess. One of your clones found something unpleasant."

Caelum nodded. "Your assumption is correct. You've likely heard about yesterday's duel—Trafalgar nearly crippled a soldier."

"I saw it from here," Valttair said simply. "He performed [Morgain's Requiem]. Impressive, for someone so new to his core."

"Yes, but that's not the issue," Caelum replied. "the soldier Roland confessed... under pressure. He exposed that Lady Seraphine gave the order to Maeron to 'teach a lesson' to Trafalgar. The result was that the maid Mayla was left in a coma. The letter blaming Rivena was a red herring."

Valttair's expression didn't change, but the aura around him grew colder. "You're accusing my wife."

"No, Lord Valttair. I'm stating facts. And if I may—my duty is to preserve the future of this house. I speak only truth, no matter how uncomfortable."

Valttair was silent for a long moment. Then, slowly: "You speak too casually of your surveillance."

Caelum gave a faint smirk. "You know me well. I already have a clone tailing her."

Valttair turned to face him fully. "Good. Keep your distance. But if she moves again... I want to know immediately."

Caelum bowed his head. "Understood."

- Caelum's Clone POV -

Inside a lavish chamber, the atmosphere was deceptively calm.

Caelum's clone stood motionless in a shadowed corner, blending into the décor like a ghost. He didn't need to breathe. He didn't blink. His senses were fixated only on one thing: Lady Seraphine.

She sat before a mirror while two maids buttoned up her deep crimson dress, embroidered with silver vines. Her long hair cascaded down her back like ink.

One of the maids adjusted the veil over her shoulders.

Seraphine's amber eyes, reflected in the mirror, were calculating.

"Leave," she said softly.

The maids bowed and exited swiftly, unused to her unnerving tone.

Now alone, Seraphine stared at her reflection. Her voice was barely audible, but Caelum's clone caught every word.

"Did that little soldier that Maeron took with him speak?"

She tapped her finger against her cheek.

"No... he wouldn't dare. He values his life too much. But then again... I did see him limping after yesterday's duel."

She stood slowly, smoothing her gown. Her lips curled in irritation.

"Trafalgar... I underestimated how fast you're moving."